

# SPAWN®



139



DIGITAL  
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

# HELLBOUND



DEDICATED TO  
**PAUL BURKE**

**PLOT**  
TODD McFARLANE  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

**STORY**  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

**PENCILS**  
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and NAT JONES

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## SPAWN 138 SUMMARY

Surrounded by darkness, the citizens of Manhattan are praying for sunrise. The police do what they can to protect the innocent from the onslaught of Clowns, but they lost control of the city a long time ago. Spawn is determined to protect the city from the source of this evil, the thousands of maniac Clowns. To do that, Spawn goes back to his roots with the help of massive munitions and attempts to save a subway car full of civilians. When the people he was trying to save turn against him, a bad situation gets worse as Spawn's bandolier of grenades transforms the Manhattan subway station into a burial ground. The chaos continues as Al Simmons is left unconscious in the aftermath.







How  
long?

How long have I lain  
here alone, cold and  
starving in the dark?

An incessant buzzing  
echoes in the basement  
of my skull. It twines and  
vibrates down my spine,  
fanning out to the raw  
endings of my nerves.

Is this really what  
dying feels like?

Reality... time....  
meaning... they  
have all been rent  
asunder, brittle  
shards scattered  
upon dusty stones.

Is it now?

Is it then?

Is it over?

It has to  
end  
sometime.





IT IS NOW.

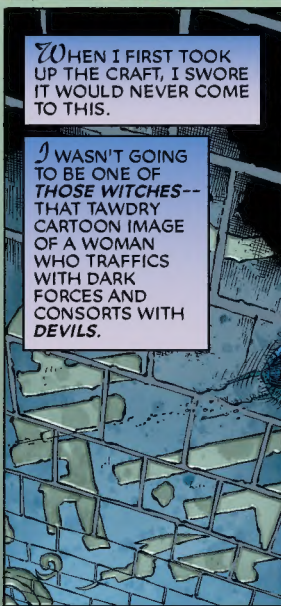
I'M LYING NEAR DEATH ON THE COLD BASEMENT FLOOR OF AN ABANDONED BUILDING. I THINK I'VE BEEN HERE NINE DAYS. NO FOOD. NO DRINK.

THE WINDOWS ARE BOARDED UP AND THE DOORWAY BRICKED SHUT. NO LIGHT GETS IN AND LITTLE AIR.

I KNOW BECAUSE I DID IT MYSELF.

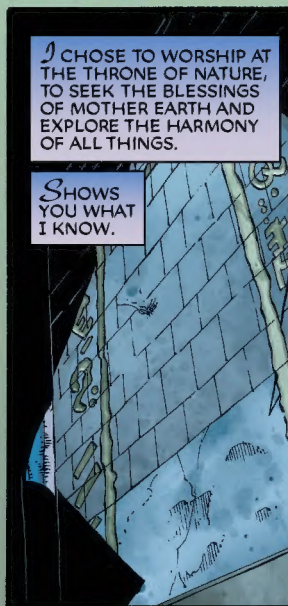


MOMENT BY MOMENT I AM DRIFTING CLOSER TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD. SO CLOSE NOW I CAN ALMOST SEE IT.



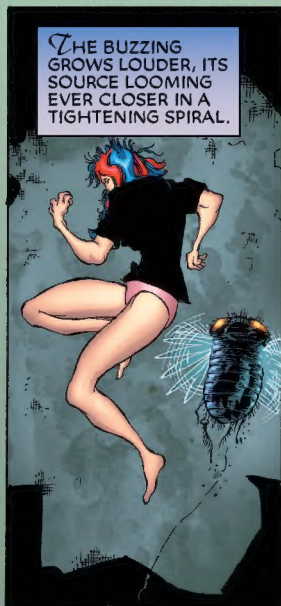
WHEN I FIRST TOOK UP THE CRAFT, I SWORE IT WOULD NEVER COME TO THIS.

I WASN'T GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE WITCHES-- THAT TAWDRY CARTOON IMAGE OF A WOMAN WHO TRAFFICS WITH DARK FORCES AND CONSORTS WITH DEVILS.

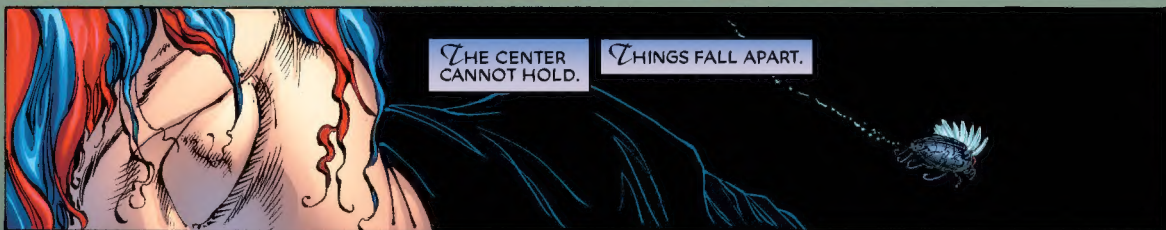


I CHOSE TO WORSHIP AT THE THRONE OF NATURE, TO SEEK THE BLESSINGS OF MOTHER EARTH AND EXPLORE THE HARMONY OF ALL THINGS.

SHOWS YOU WHAT I KNOW.



THE BUZZING GROWS LOUDER, ITS SOURCE LOOMING EVER CLOSER IN A TIGHTENING SPIRAL.

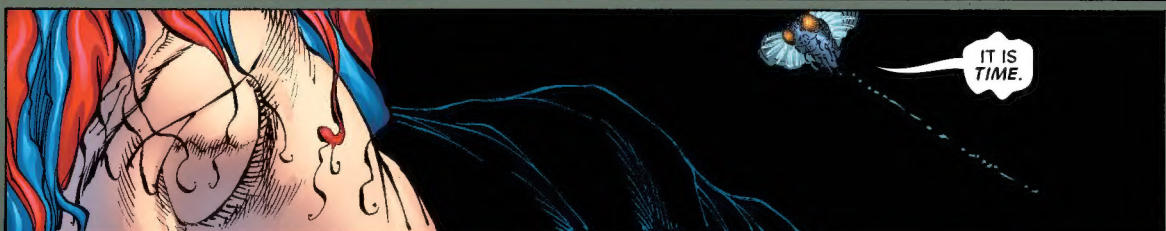


THE CENTER CANNOT HOLD.

THINGS FALL APART.



IT TAKES ALL THE STRENGTH I HAVE JUST TO OPEN MY EYES.



IT IS TIME.



TIME? IT IS TWO WEEKS AGO.

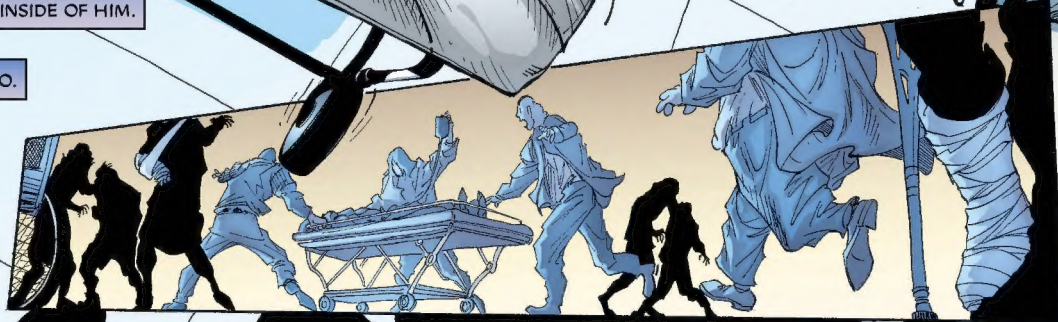
IN A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, DOCTORS BARK URGENT ORDERS AND TRY THEIR BEST TO KEEP A ONCE-DEAD MAN FROM DYING AGAIN.

WE'VE GOT A JOHN DOE IN CRITICAL! MULTIPLE CONTUSIONS, INTERNAL BLEEDING, SHRAPNEL WOUNDS, GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE...

OF COURSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS. OR WHAT HE IS.

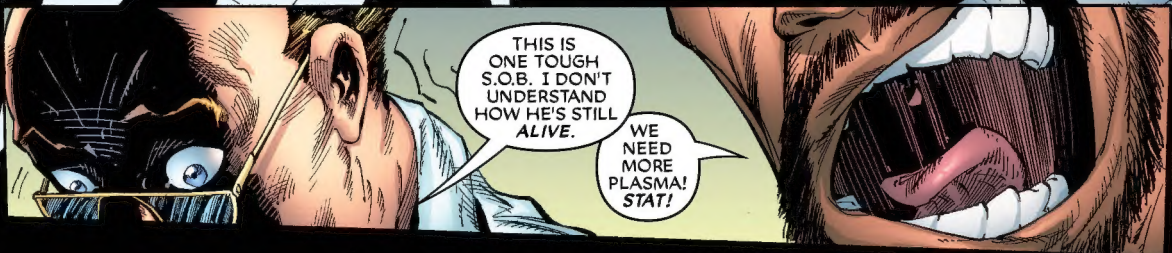
THEY DON'T KNOW THE DARK POWER HE CARRIES INSIDE OF HIM.

BUT I DO.

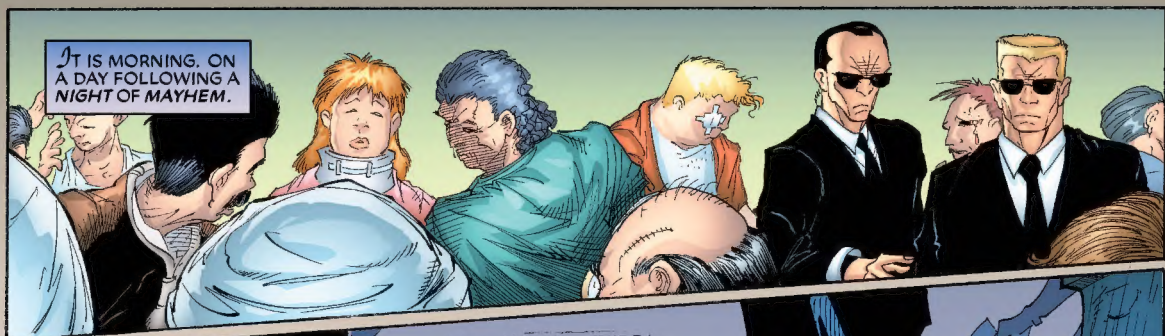


THIS IS ONE TOUGH S.O.B. I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE'S STILL ALIVE.

WE NEED MORE PLASMA! STAT!







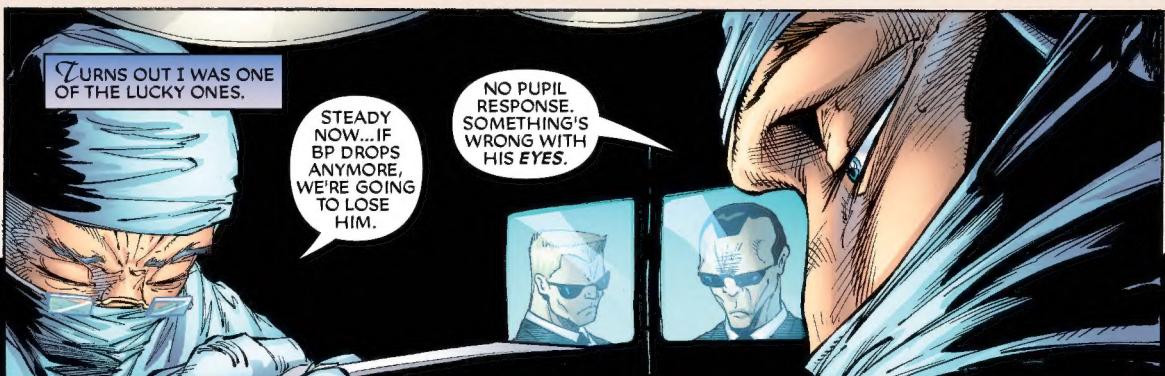
IT IS MORNING, ON  
A DAY FOLLOWING A  
NIGHT OF MAYHEM.



A POWER  
FAILURE  
PLUNGED  
THE ENTIRE  
CITY INTO  
DARKNESS.

WILD BANDS OF  
CLOWN-FACED MADMEN  
RAVAGE MANHATTAN, LIKE  
VANDALS SACKING ROME,  
ONLY TO VANISH LIKE  
MIST WITH THE SUNRISE.

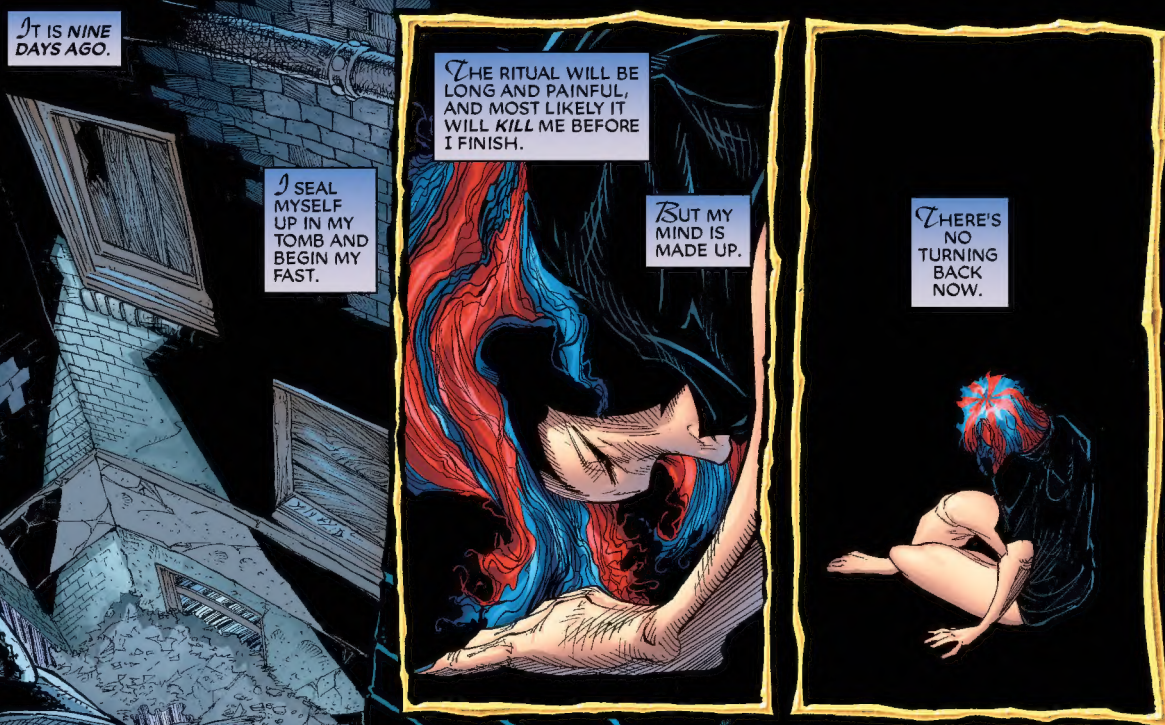
I SPENT MOST  
OF THE NIGHT  
TRAPPED IN AN  
ELEVATOR  
BARGAINING  
WITH THE DEVIL.



Turns out I WAS ONE  
OF THE LUCKY ONES.

STEADY  
NOW...IF  
BP DROPS  
ANYMORE,  
WE'RE GOING  
TO LOSE  
HIM.

NO PUPIL  
RESPONSE.  
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG WITH  
HIS EYES.



IT IS NINE  
DAYS AGO.

I SEAL  
MYSELF  
UP IN MY  
TOMB AND  
BEGIN MY  
FAST.

THE RITUAL WILL BE  
LONG AND PAINFUL,  
AND MOST LIKELY IT  
WILL KILL ME BEFORE  
I FINISH.

BUT MY  
MIND IS  
MADE UP.

THERE'S  
NO  
TURNING  
BACK  
NOW.



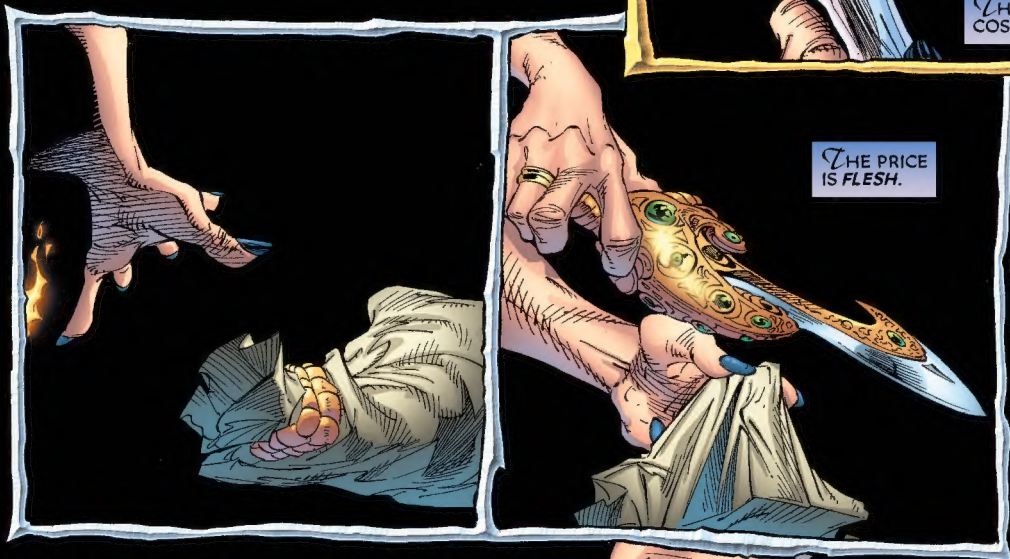
AT ITS ROOT,  
MAGIC IS A  
FORM OF  
CURRENCY.

EACH SPELL  
IS A KIND OF  
TRANSACTION.



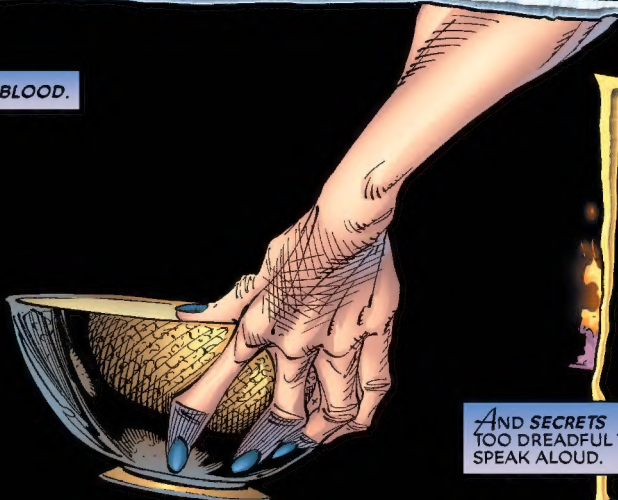
THEA...

THIS ONE WILL  
COST ME DEARLY.

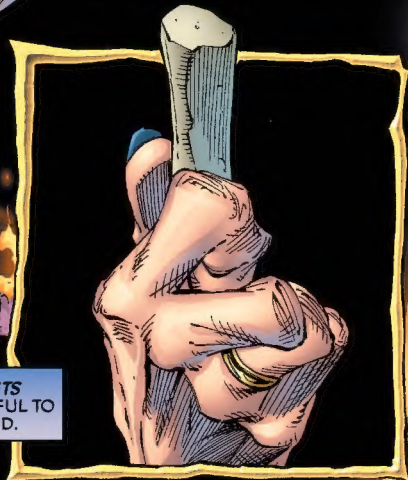


THE PRICE  
IS FLESH.

AND BLOOD.



AND SECRETS  
TOO DREADFUL TO  
SPEAK ALOUD.



I FORM MY INTENTIONS,  
HOLD THEM DIAMOND  
CLEAR IN MY MIND'S EYE.

I UTTER  
CUMBERSOME  
WORDS IN A  
DEAD  
LANGUAGE,  
DEFTLY  
WEAVING A  
TAPESTRY OF  
FLATTERY,  
ENTREATIES  
AND ANCIENT,  
INTRICATE  
PROTOCOL.

I'M ALL POISE AND BLUSTER  
ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT A DEAD  
MAN COULD SMELL THE FEAR  
DRIPPING FROM MY PORES.

THE SHADOWS GATHER,  
THICKENING THE STALE AIR.

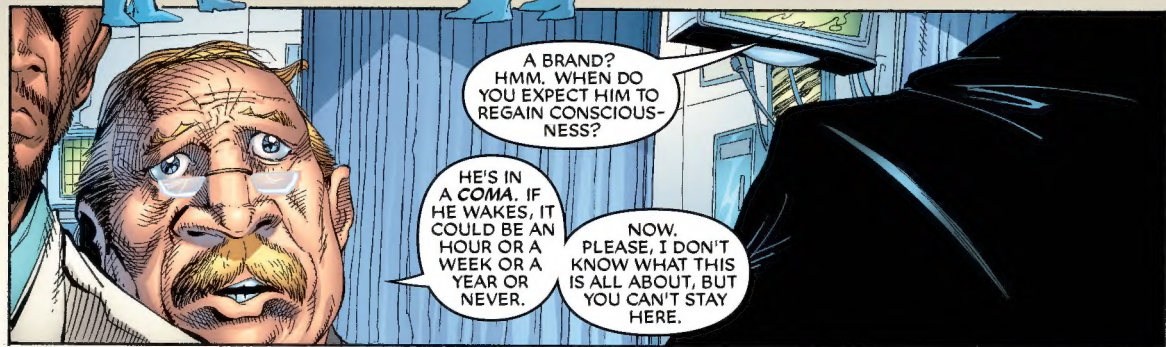
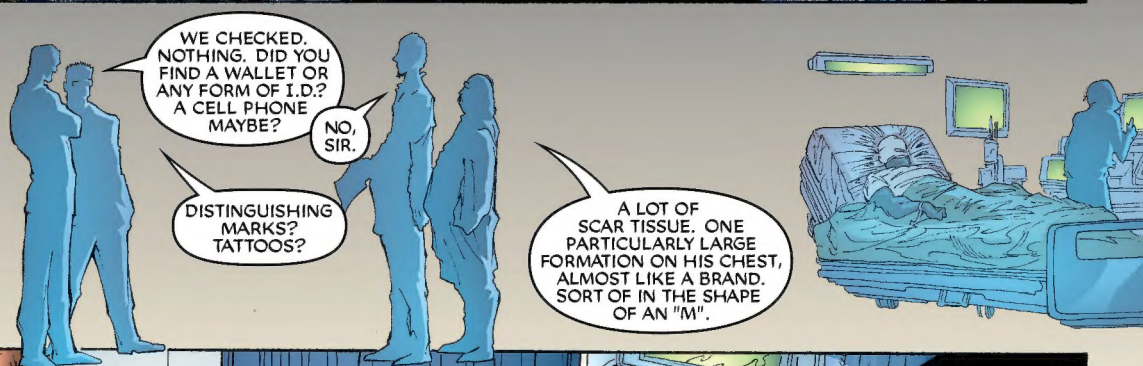
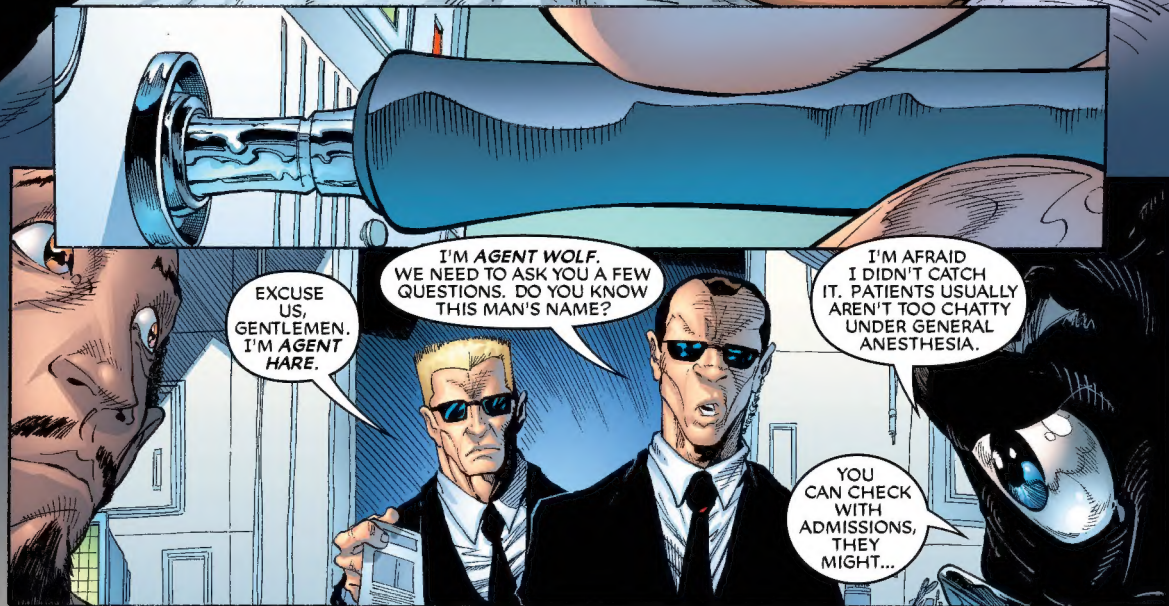
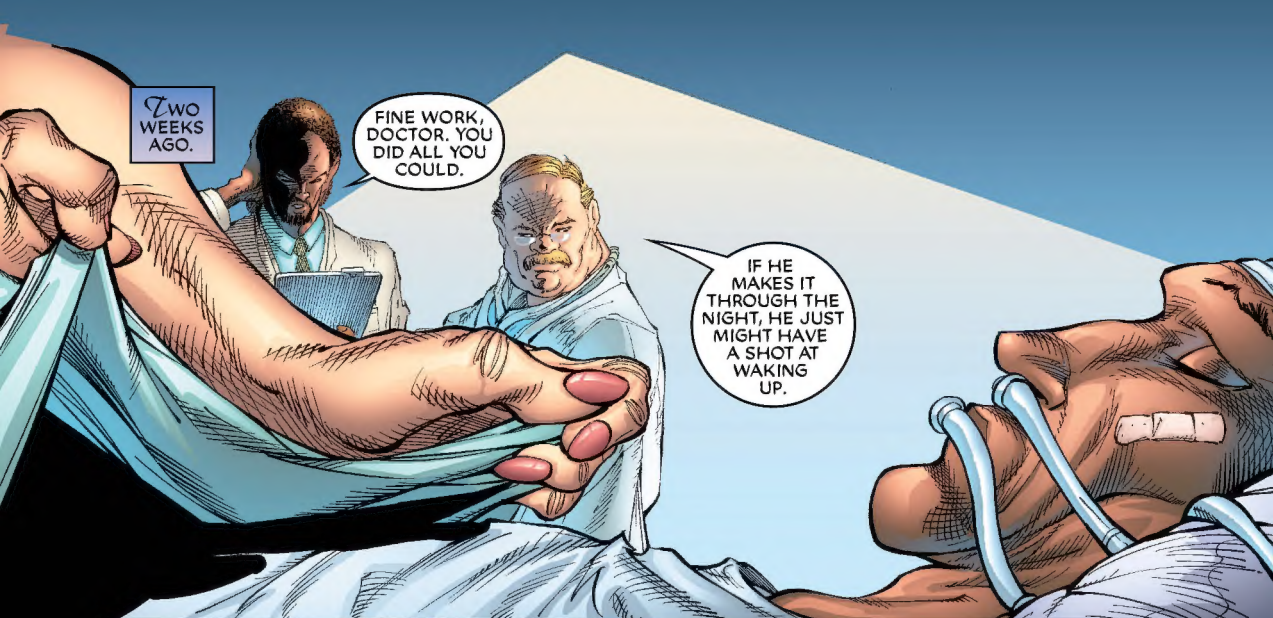
I SUBMIT  
MYSELF  
TO THE  
DARKNESS  
AND GAZE  
INTO THE  
ABYSS.



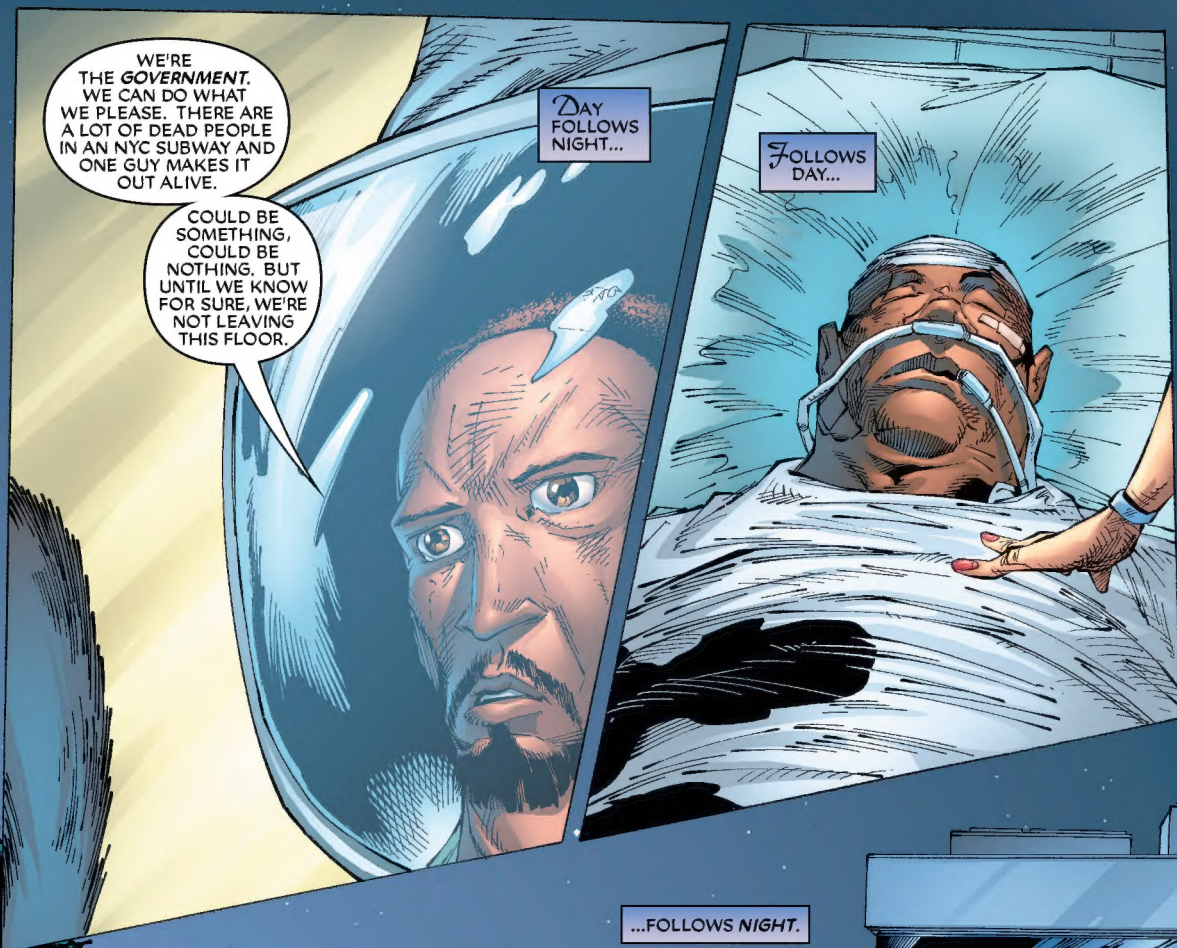
AND WAIT  
FOR THE  
ABYSS TO  
*BLINK.*















I KNOW  
YOU PROBABLY  
CAN'T HEAR  
ME. THAT'S  
OKAY.

I... I  
GUESS IT  
MAKES THIS  
EASIER.

I TELL HIM  
EVERYTHING. I  
TELL HIM ABOUT  
THE DANGER  
HE IS IN.

I TELL HIM ABOUT MAMMON  
AND THE BARGAIN HE OFFERED.

I TELL HIM  
ABOUT THEA AND  
HOW HE DAMNED  
HER TO HELL.

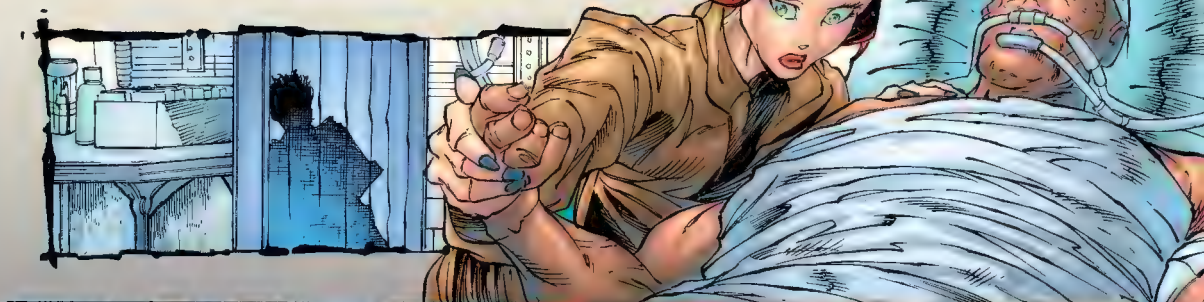
I TELL HIM  
OF THE AWFUL  
CHOICE I HAVE  
TO MAKE.

I KISS HIS CHEEK AND  
BEG HIM TO UNDERSTAND.  
EVERY ATOM OF MY BEING  
BURNS WITH SHAME.

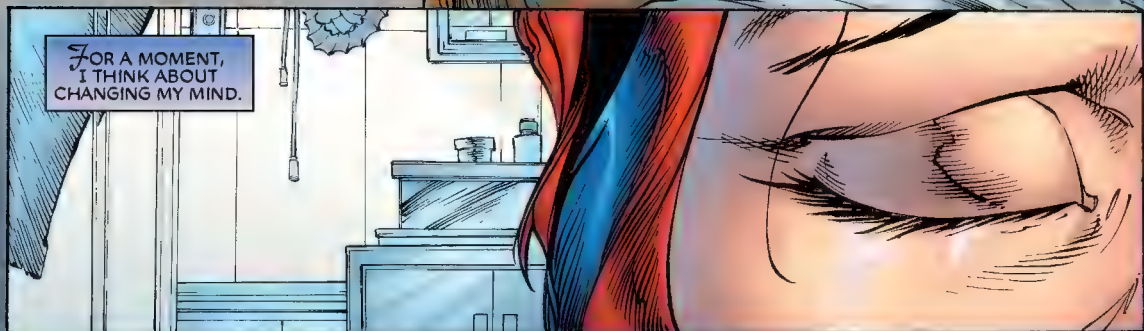


I LOOK AT THIS  
FRAIL, BROKEN FORM  
AND I WANT TO CRY.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE  
THERE IS SO MUCH POWER  
LOCKED INSIDE. WHAT IF  
IT'S THE ONLY THING  
KEEPING HIM ALIVE?



FOR A MOMENT,  
I THINK ABOUT  
CHANGING MY MIND.



I AM IN THE DARK. I AM  
NO LONGER ALONE.

zzzzzz

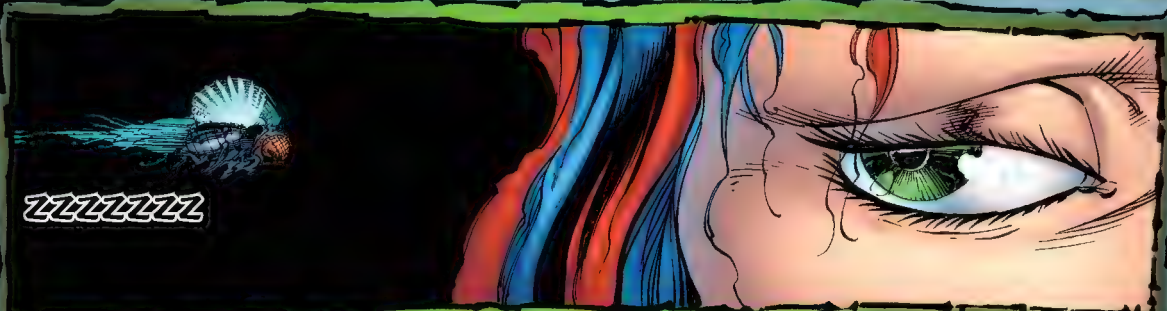
THE CLOTH OF  
REALITY HAS BEGUN  
TO UNRAVEL.



zzzzzz



zzzzzzzz







I AM NYX,  
DAUGHTER OF THE  
NIGHT, MAIDEN OF THE  
GREEN WORLD. THIS IS MY  
CIRCLE AND I HOLD YOU  
IN MY THRALL.

I HOLD DOMINION  
OVER THE **ROTTING**  
PLACES. I AM KEEPER  
OF SECRET EYES AND  
HIDDEN DOORS.

I AM  
N'ZZEZHEAL,  
LORDLING OF  
HELL, DUKE OF  
CARRION AND  
ENVOY OF  
DECAY AND  
DISCORD.



AND  
I WAS  
INVITED.

DO NO  
HARM.

YOU ARE  
QUITE **BOLD**.  
TO SUMMON A LORD  
OF HELL TO YOUR  
CHAMBER AND  
SHOW SUCH POOR  
HOSPITALITY.


I SEEK A  
BARGAIN. SAFE  
PASSAGE FOR  
MYSELF AND ONE  
OTHER OF MY  
CHOOSING.

PASSAGE?  
TO WHERE?




TO  
HELL.






HELL. I CAN'T JUST LEAVE  
HER THERE. NOT IF I CAN  
FIND A WAY TO HELP HER.



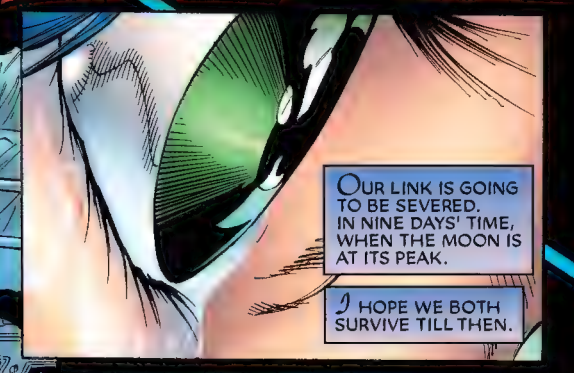
BUT I WON'T  
GIVE MAMMON  
WHAT HE WANTS.  
I WON'T TURN YOU  
OVER TO HIM.

I ONCE SEWED  
YOUR *SHADOW* TO  
YOUR HEART.  
I KEPT PART OF  
THE THREAD FOR  
MYSELF. IT BOUND  
YOU TO ME. KEPT  
US... CONNECTED.




IT'S THAT  
CONNECTION  
MAMMON WANTS  
TO EXPLOIT.

BUT I WON'T  
LET HIM HAVE IT.



OUR LINK IS GOING  
TO BE SEVERED.  
IN NINE DAYS' TIME,  
WHEN THE MOON IS  
AT ITS PEAK.

I HOPE WE BOTH  
SURVIVE TILL THEN.

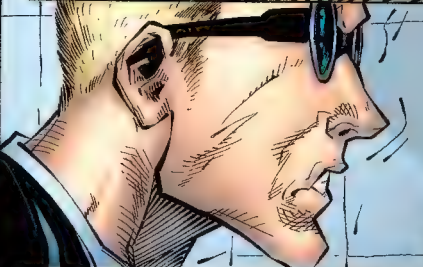
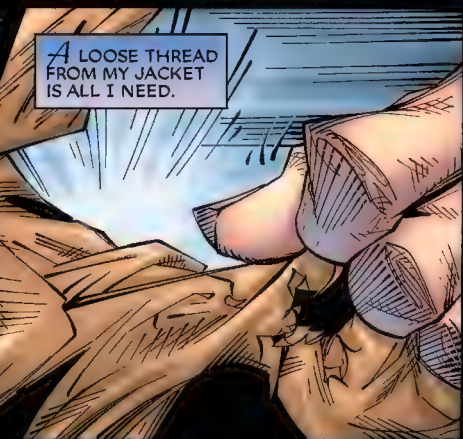


I EXPLAIN ALL THIS AND LOOK  
BACK ONE LAST TIME. AS I LEAVE,  
I UTTER TWO USELESS WORDS.

I'M  
SORRY.

HEY!  
HOW'D YOU GET  
UP HERE?







IT IS NOW.





THE  
MOON IS  
NEARLY AT  
ITS *CREST*.  
THE HOUR  
GATHERS  
UPON  
US.

THIS  
IS A  
DANGEROUS  
GAME YOU  
PLAY. MANY  
AND POWERFUL  
ARE THOSE  
WHO WILL BE  
DISPLEASED  
BY YOUR  
ACTIONS.

WHY  
HELP  
ME?

YOU MADE  
A GOOD BARGAIN.  
BESIDES, I ENJOY  
*DISCORD*.

NOW...

I  
BEGIN  
THE  
RITUAL.

THE SILVER-  
WHITE MOON  
BLADE, COLD  
AGAINST MY  
SKIN.

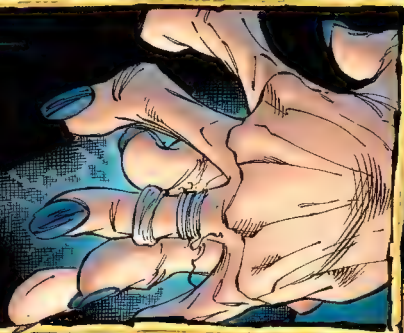
THE  
WARM  
CRIMSON  
BLOOD,  
GLISTENING  
IN THE  
DARK.

SHAPE  
AND SIGIL.

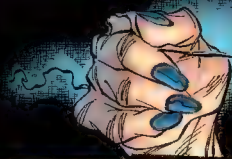
WORD AND  
WORKING.



I UNSPOOL THE  
SHADOW THREAD, THE  
SLENDER EBON CORD  
THAT CONNECTS ME  
TO THE HELLSPAWN  
AND ITS HOST.



IT IS STRONG YET  
SUPPLE, LIKE LIVING  
STEEL. I STRETCH IT  
THROUGH MY  
FINGERS, DOUBLING  
ITS LENGTH.



I COIL IT OVER  
AND THEN DOUBLE  
IT AGAIN.

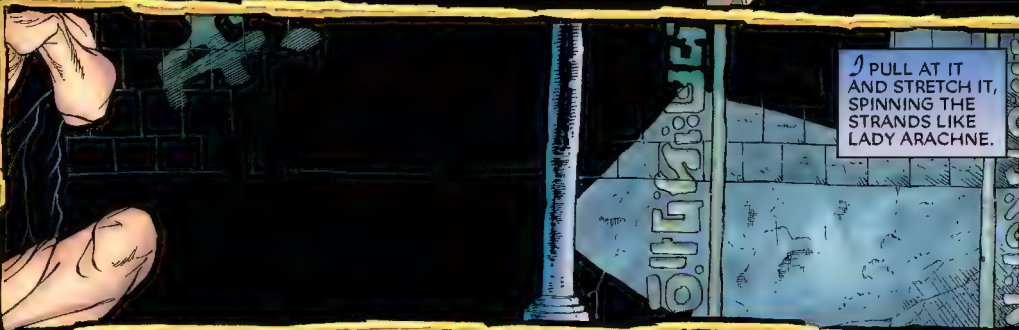
AND  
AGAIN.



ITS LENGTH  
INCREASES  
TENFOLD. THEN A  
THOUSANDFOLD.



I PULL AT IT  
AND STRETCH IT,  
SPINNING THE  
STRANDS LIKE  
LADY ARACHNE.

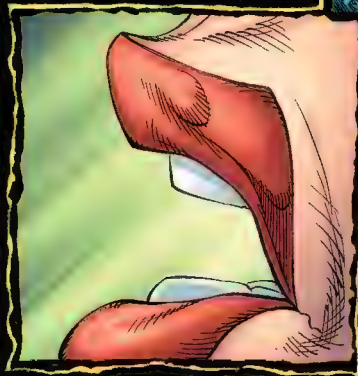




I SING OUT AS  
I BEGIN TO SHAPE  
THE VERY DARKNESS  
AROUND ME.



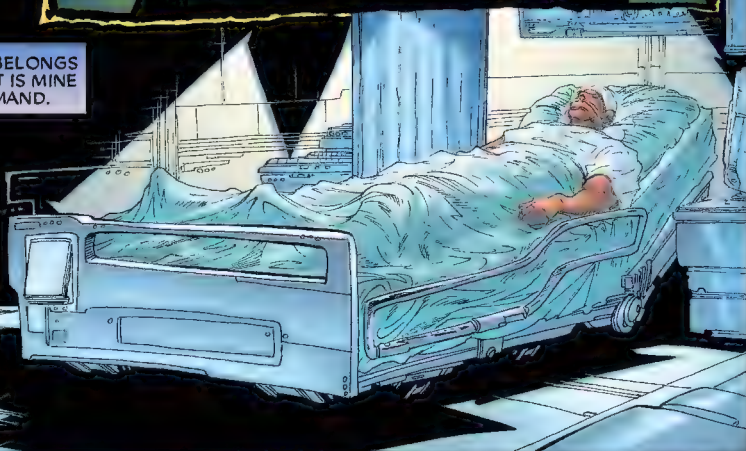
FASCINATING.



I AM A LOOM, WEAVING  
A CLOAK OUT OF THE  
VERY NIGHT FROM  
WHICH I TAKE MY NAME.

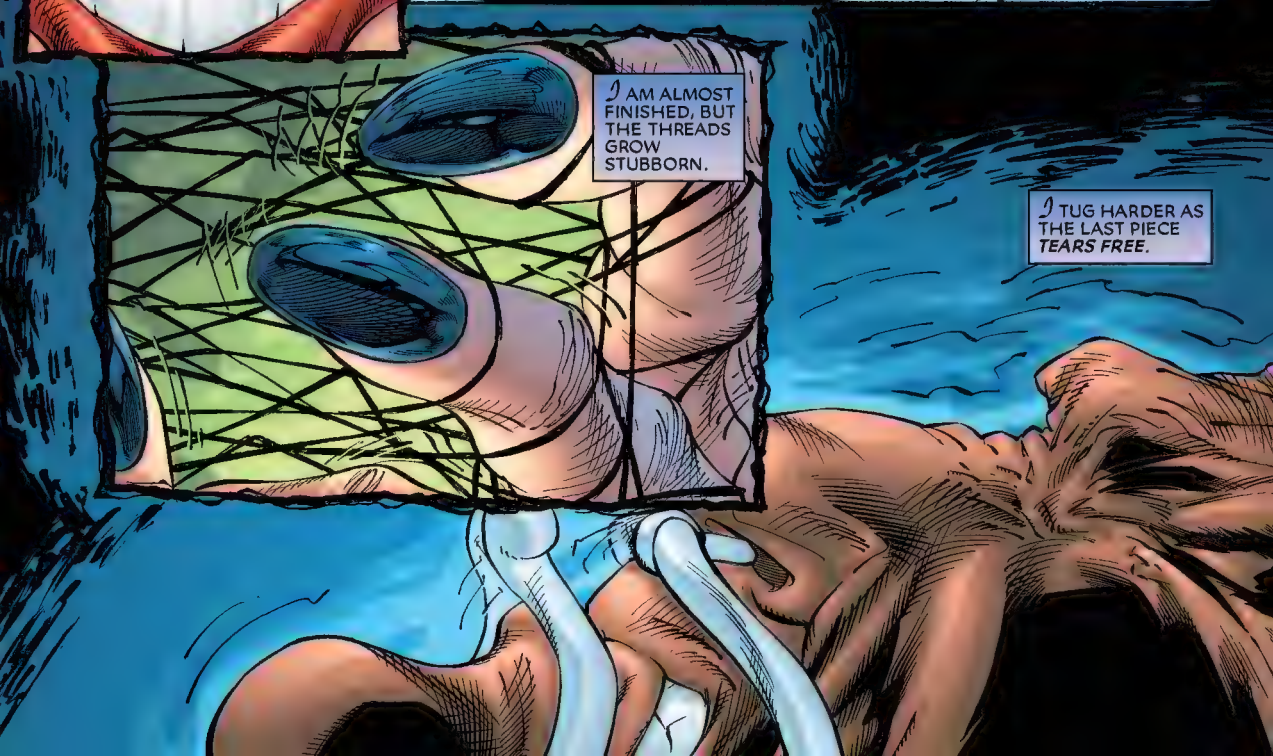
THE FABRIC GROWS BY INCHES  
AND THEN BY FEET. I CAN FEEL IT  
BEGIN TO MOVE AND UNDULATE  
WITH A LIFE OF ITS OWN.

BUT IT BELONGS  
TO ME. IT IS MINE  
TO COMMAND.



I AM ALMOST  
FINISHED, BUT  
THE THREADS  
GROW  
STUBBORN.

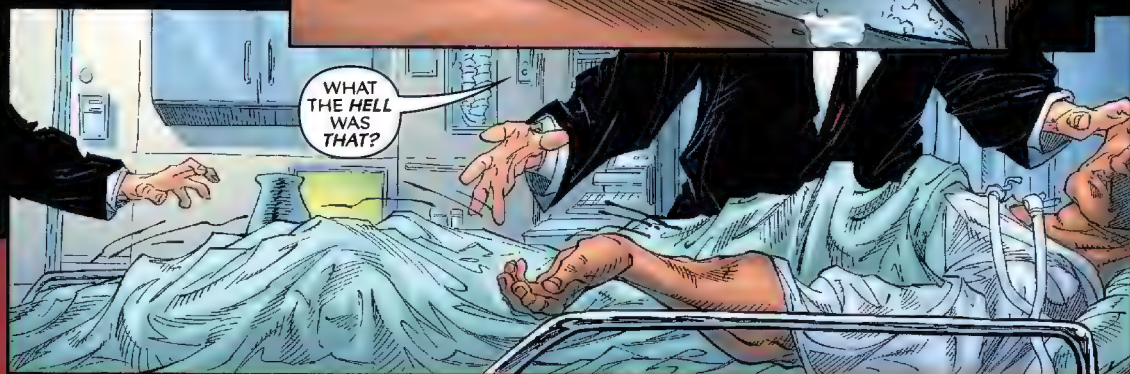
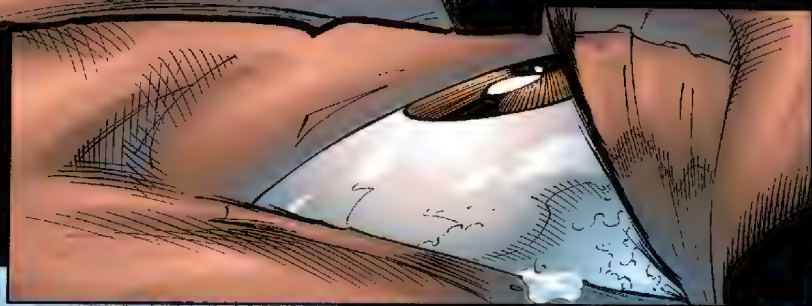
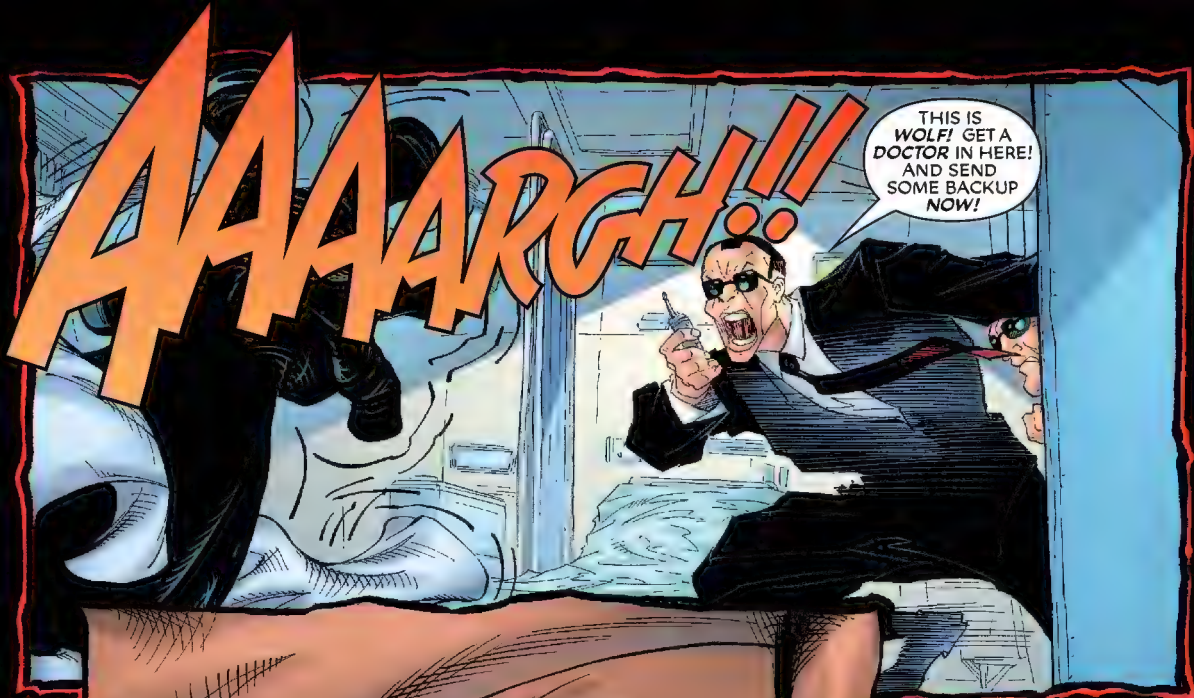
I TUG HARDER AS  
THE LAST PIECE  
TEARS FREE.



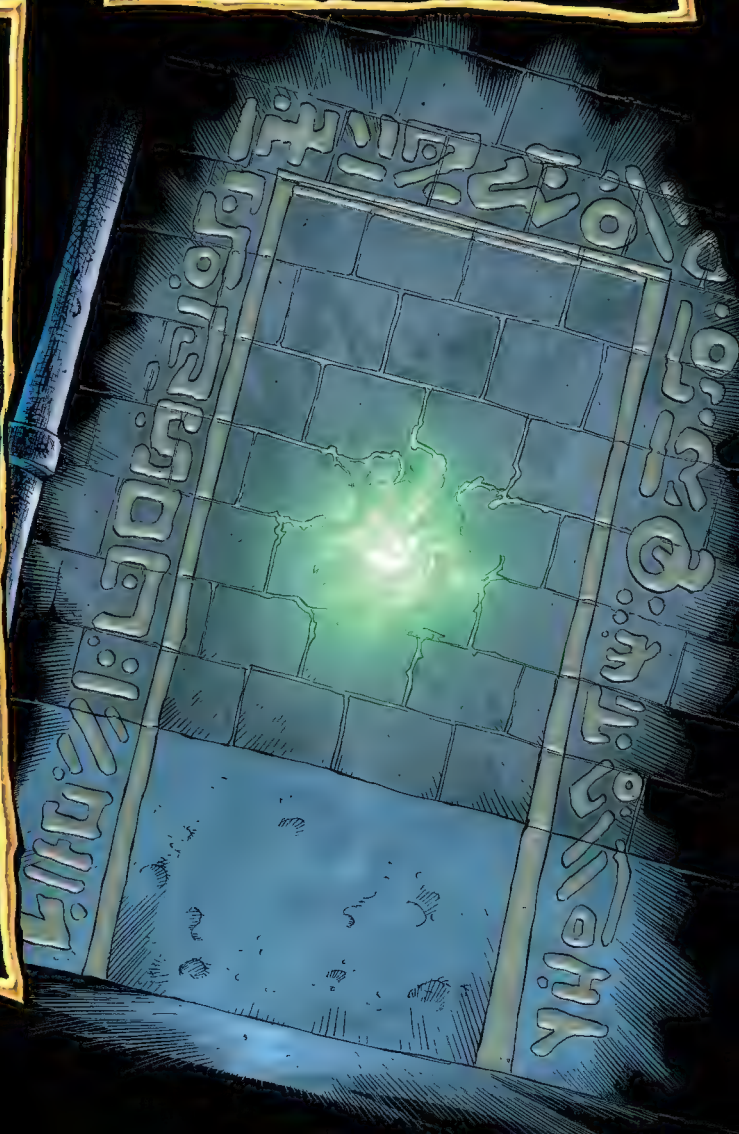
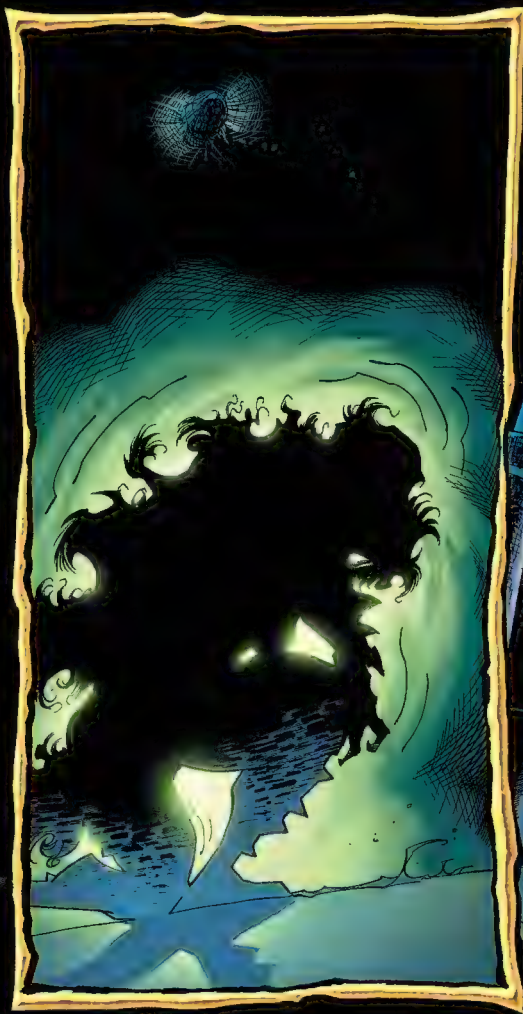
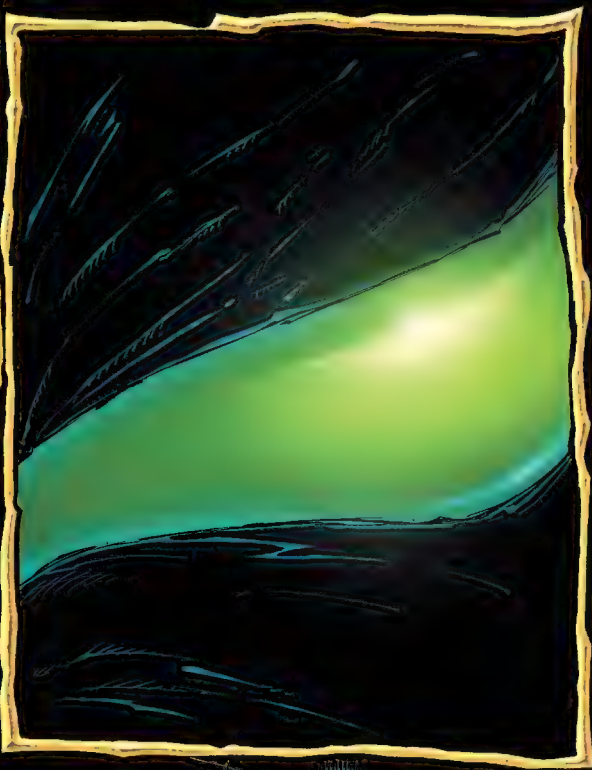
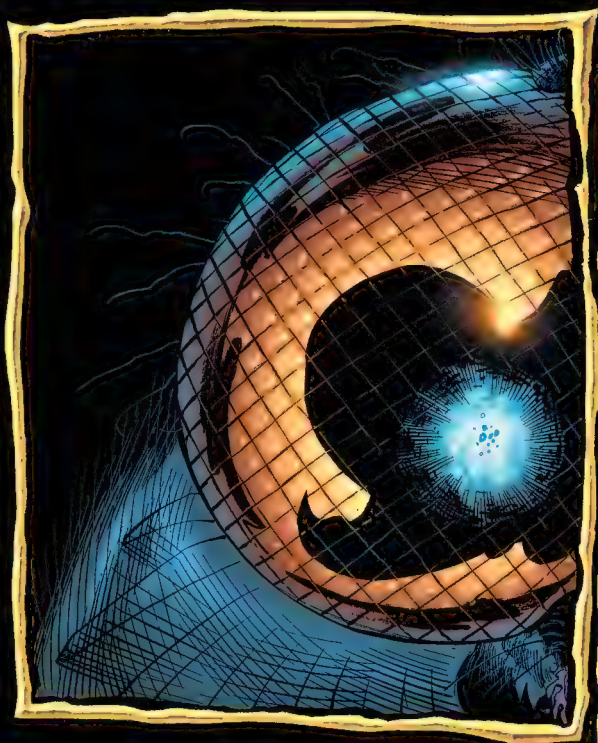

















YOU ARE  
MORE  
CLEVER THAN  
I THOUGHT.  
PERHAPS YOU  
WILL SURVIVE  
THIS  
JOURNEY.

THIS BODY WHICH IS NOT  
MINE MOVES TO MY WHIMS.  
THIS POWER WHICH IS NOT MINE  
SURGES THROUGH ITS LIMBS.

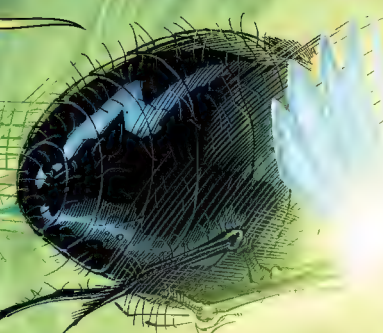
AS I MOVE WITH A STRENGTH  
AND GRACE I NEVER THOUGHT  
POSSIBLE, I REALIZE THERE IS  
A VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD.



AND IT IS  
NOT MINE.



FOLLOW.



IT IS DEEP AND  
SONOROUS AS DISTANT  
THUNDER. IT TAKES  
A MOMENT BEFORE  
I RECOGNIZE IT.



YOU ARE A  
TRAITOR AND A  
FOOL. HE WILL NEVER  
FORGIVE SUCH  
BETRAYAL.

SOONER  
OR LATER, YOU  
WILL HAVE TO FACE HIM.  
AND THEN HE WILL  
KILL YOU.

I  
KNOW.

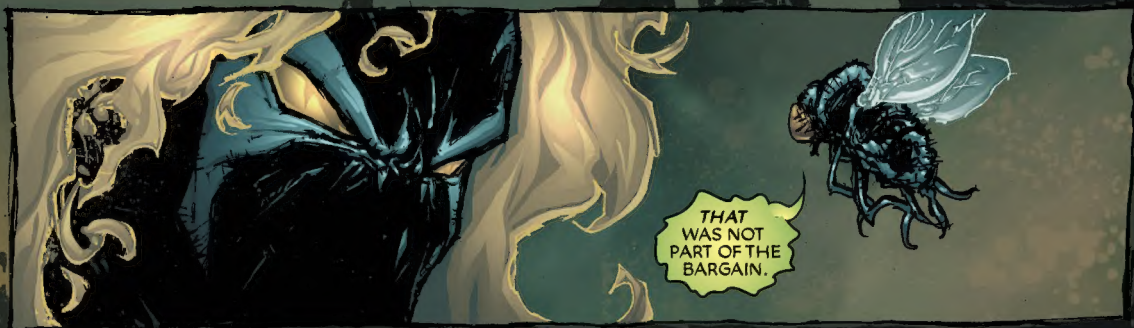




SO...  
UH...WHERE  
DO I GO  
NOW?







THAT  
WAS NOT  
PART OF THE  
BARGAIN.



GREAT.



THIS IS  
HELL.

YOU WALK  
WILLINGLY  
INTO ETERNAL  
DAMNATION  
WITH STOLEN  
POWER AND NO  
GUIDE.

YOU ARE NOT  
FRIGHTENED?



I  
DIDN'T  
SAY  
THAT.







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE